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PASTOR BLUMHARDT.

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SELECTIONS FROM HIS LIFE AND MINISTRY

CHRISTIAN ALLIANCE PUBLISHING CO.
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PREFACE.

This little volume gives the story of a wonderful life—a life so near to God as to be in constant communion with Him, and to draw from Him that never-failing supply of heaven-born power promised to those that believe and have been baptized with the Holy Ghost. Of the authenticity of the facts herein related there can be no serious question. These things were not done in a corner, but openly and publicly. Nearly the whole village heard that mighty cry, "Jesus is victor," which marked the marvellous deliverance of Katarina Dittus from the direct power of Satan; and the country, for scores of miles around, was shaken by the wonderful revival which followed. The Rev. Marcus Spittler, at the meeting of United Christians in Belfast, in September, 1859, challenged the attention of all men as to their genuineness; while Mr. Greaves, of Pitville, Cheltenham, stated that the most trustworthy authorities on the Continent had assured him that the facts were as they had been set forth. The public press spread far and wide the wonders that took place at Mottlingen; thousands visited the spot from all parts of Europe; many cures were vouchsafed by God in the midst of a large congregation, and thus every means was afforded for a thorough testing of the facts.

When Blumhardt took possession of the extensive buildings at Bad Boll, nearly forty years ago, the Wurtemburg government offered it to him very much below its actual cost, and the king himself sent money to the pastor to meet the expense of preparing the house for his occupancy,—strong testimony to the estimation in which he was held.

To many minds it would seem to be better judgment to suppress some of the startling and actually miraculous details in many of the recorded cases. But we have an idea that *if God is not ashamed of His work, we should not be;* and that the simple truth, no matter how startling, is always the best. Let us not be frightened, and call it audacity, if a mortal man be found who has faith to claim a little more than common of the "all things possible to him that believeth."

The records of wonderful cures have been all taken from the large German work by Zundel, the translations of which have been made by Lieut. Emile Feffer, of the P. M. A., formerly of St. Cyr.

Extract from the Introduction to the "Life of Blumhardt," by Rev. W. Guest.

It is my privilege to say, that a biography of the life and work of my late beloved brother,

the Rev. John Christoph Blumhardt was campiled and published in Germany at the end of 1880, by an esteemed friend of the deceased, the Rev. Frederick Zundel, minister of Winterthur, in Switzerland. This book contains a full and comprehensive account of the life, labor and devotion of my brother, and points out at length the signal blessings which attended his ministerial and parochial labors at Mottlingen, Bad Boll, and indeed, far and wide, at home and indirectly also, abroad in heathen lands; for he was preeminently an active promoter of missions to the heathen.

The manner in which this biography was received in Germany by the public may be seen from the fact that in less than six months after its publication a new edition was called for, and the second one is by this time also nearly sold off. A third has since appeared. The book is in great demand in Germany, and is welcomed by thousands as a help in rousing them up to family prayer, and leading them to greater earnestness in the things belonging to their peace and happiness, both here and hereafter. The book, which is rather voluminous, is now being translated in an abridged form into the French and Dutch languages, and a wish to have it translated into English has been often expressed from various quarters, both in England and America.

I happened to go over to Germany in August, 1880, to visit once more my native town, Stuttgart, the capital of the kingdom of Wurtemberg, in South Germany. I then paid a visit to my relations in Bad Boll, which is about sixty miles from Stuttgart, and is reached by rail as far as Goppingen, a small town, and from thence, on a good road, by post-chaise. The scenery all along is most lovely and picturesque, leading through the beautiful environs of Berg and Cannstatt, in which are mineral springs and baths, to Unterturkheim, Esslingen, etc., to Goppingen; and from thence a drive of an hour and a half brings the traveller to Bad Boll, which lies in a beautiful valley at the foot of the lofty mountains of the Black Forest.

Contrary to my expectations, I found the spacious building of my late brother as full of visitors as ever from all parts of the Continent, just as it was in his lifetime, and the blessed work being carried on in the same spirit and with the same devotedness and energy by his eldest son, the Rev. Christoph Blumhardt, who for many years had been the right hand of his father, and carried on with him the blessed work of attending to the bodily and spiritual ailments of the people, to prayer and to the ministry of the gospel. The spirit of the father has, in a measure, descended upon the son in its saving,

healing and renewing power, quickening those that are dead in sin to a new life in Christ, comforting the sick, confirming the weak, and delivering from the chains and power of Satan those that are led captives by him at his will.

Some of the events and incidents contained in this little book may perhaps appear strange and startling to the English reader; but I can vouch for their truth as incontestible facts, which have been witnessed and proved to be facts by many of the most scrupulous eye-witnesses.

The secret of my late brother's power and success lay in his habitual converse with God, in prayer and communion with Him, and in his childlike but firm belief in the stupendous doctrine of Christ's atoning sacrifice for the sins of a guilty world, who, having now reconciled the world unto Himself by the blood of His cross, must reign for ever and ever, till all His enemies shall be put under his feet, and "at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father" (Phil. 2:10, 11).

—C. H. BLUMHARDT.

PASTOR BLUMHARDT

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

JOHN CHRISTOPH BLUMHARDT was born in Stuttgart, July 16, 1805. From his father he imbibed very early in boyhood a keen relish for Scripture study, reading the Bible through twice before the age of thirteen. His mother was a pious woman, who always preserved an admirable system of order and discipline at home; so that the boy received the benefits of the best parental training and example.

After attending Stuttgart grammar school, he went, in 1820, to the theological seminary at Schonthal, where he formed a strong personal friendship for Wilhelm Hoffman, afterward court preacher at Berlin. Soon after, he entered the great university of Tubingen, a very centre of Rationalism. But the grace of God preserved him from the contaminations of error, and

likewise enabled him to avoid those peculiar dissipations which so beset the life of a college-student in all lands. Privation befriended him, for he worked hard at his studies in order to gain time to give private lessons to aid in supporting his then widowed mother.

As he left the university his whole being was filled with zeal to do the utmost in his power to counteract the evil tendencies of the age; and when in 1828 he began to preach, his gifts soon became widely known and recognized. Leaving this charge, he was for six years associated with his uncle, Mission-Inspector Blumhardt, in the well-known missionary college at Bale, where he labored with great energy and constant prayer in the work of preparing young missionaries for the service of the Master. His valuable book, *History of Missions*, was written during this time.

The marked characteristic of the man, at this stage of his experience, was a strong faith in God; a faith that took absolute hold

on the promises of the Word and rested upon them in calm confidence. In person he was commanding, yet gentle and winning in manner; while in conversation he manifested an interest in and love for all men. But God had wonderful things in store for him, and the call came to a new field. After a short service as pastor of Iptingen, in 1838 he removed to Mottlingen.

CHAPTER II.

AT MOTTLINGEN.

MOTTLINGEN is a Lutheran village in the Black Forest of the kingdom of Wurtemberg. At the beginning of his work there he was married to Johanna Dorothea Kollner, who proved to be a devoted Christian wife and helper. Simple trust in Jesus was held in contempt; but the young pastor boldly began to preach, where his Master had begun before him, with that first and most important gospel to sinners, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Soon his earnestness and zeal bore fruit, and

crowds flocked to hear the simple word. A revival came on, mingled with conflicts and opposition; but he held steadily onward, and endeavored to guide all who believed into the pathway of holiness. Without splitting hairs over definitions, it may safely be said that Blumhardt was a holiness preacher. He had unlimited confidence in the atonement of Christ for soul and body, and was not at all ashamed to avow his belief and faith.

Before his arrival in Mottlingen, Satan had things all his own way, and consequently there was comparative quiet; but now the fiercest opposition sprang up, as it always does when souls are awakened, and the power of the adversary was manifested in the most appalling manner. Other men who had faith in God, among whom was the well-known Dr. Barth, had preceded him, but no decisive blow had been struck at the wiles of the devil. In the person of Blumhardt the prayers of these good men were answered.

The whole place was pervaded with a spirit of vice and superstition. Unbelief was rampant; the vilest uncleanness almost universal, and a sort of spiritism, or practice of the old incantations of the black art, prevailed to an astonishing degree. In short, it may be literally affirmed that many of his unfortunate parishioners were children of the devil. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that Satan should make the most strenuous efforts to retain his hold upon the community, and as he owned so much territory in the hearts of the misguided people, his position was almost impregnable. God reigns, however, and through one faithful servant will overthrow even the powers of darkness; and the morning light was breaking over Mottlingen. As the darkest hour is just before the dawn, so the most terrible manifestation of Satan's power was to precede the coming of the Holy Ghost upon the sinful village.

KATARINA DITTUS.

Gottliebin and Katarina Dittus, two sisters in Mottlingen, were strangely and unaccountably affected. For a period of two years Blumhardt had them constantly on his mind, and presented them to God in prayer. But all this time they grew worse, and the attacks became more frequent. To careful observers the symptoms appeared to coincide with those of the demoniacs in the time of Christ. All medical treatment was unavailing, and at last the physician, appalled by the manifestations, exclaimed, "Is there no clergyman in this village who can pray? I can do nothing here!" With characteristic modesty Blumhardt wished to retreat, but some of his people said to him, "If you do not want to shake our faith in your preaching, you cannot retreat before the evil one." After a little time he replied, "You are right; but to be in accord with the Word of God you also must unite with me in supplication, according to James 5: 14." Prayer was made and the fulfilment

of the promise claimed. But Satan would not give up without a struggle. Katarina's symptoms became terrible, almost beyond belief. Several strong men were obliged to hold her in a chair, and even their efforts were unavailing to control the frightful convulsions and contortions which racked her body. Through an entire night this continued, Blumhardt praying unceasingly and with rising faith. An unnatural voice, not her own, would speak from the poor woman's throat and strive to engage the pastor in argument or conversation; but he steadily prayed on. This voice distinctly proclaimed its Satanic origin, and at intervals gave utterance to a horrible cry of despair and fear, which issued from her mouth, without any intermission, for a quarter of an hour at a time. Again the voice addressed Jesus, demanding that, as he (the voice), was a high minister of Satan, Christ should not compel him to leave this woman in the ordinary way; but that he should cast him out by some won-

derful and mighty miracle. Still the pastor prayed, and toward morning the struggle culminated, the demon was vanquished and cried out, with a great and terrible cry, *heard by almost the entire village*, "Jesus is Victor! Jesus is Victor!" When the sun arose the afflicted one was whole. During the whole of Blumhardt's life, the humble, grateful woman, who was afterward happily married, labored with the pastor for the souls and bodies of the hundreds who came to Bad Boll; and now upon her tombstone we may read the words that marked her marvellous deliverance, "*Jesus ist Sieger*" (Jesus is Victor).

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT REVIVAL.

So startling an occurrence created a marked sensation. The newspapers spread the story in every direction. But Blumhardt's chief anxiety was for the souls of his people. About a week after that trumpet call, "Jesus is Victor," had rung through

the village, a man of the most depraved and deceitful character came to the pastor with the unexpected question: "Sir, is it then possible that I can be pardoned and saved? I have not slept for a whole week, and if my heart be not eased, it will kill me." Blumhardt held up Jesus to him as a Saviour for the vilest of sinners; but not till he, following the Lutheran form, as an ambassador of Christ, solemnly assured him of God's mercy, did light break upon his soul.

This man immediately went from house to house, telling every one of his experience, urging them to go to the manse, and even dragging some by main force into the presence of the pastor. In this way about twenty were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. On the monthly day of "humiliation and supplication," Blumhardt preached from the text, "The right hand of the Lord doeth valiantly." This seemed to be the signal for a general breaking down. The pastor says himself, that from that day

he was actually besieged in his own house, from seven in the morning till eleven at night. Men who had never cared for their souls sat in the parlor for hours, patiently awaiting their turn. In two months' time there was scarcely a score of persons in the parish who had not thus come in humble confession and sincere repentance.

Says Blumhardt: "The meeting of the so-called Pietists within the parish, about thirty in number, soon grew like an avalanche, and prayer-meetings had to be held —first twice, then four times a week. Yea, the people felt so irresistibly driven to meet together that the prayer-meetings had to take place every evening. True, there were no persons to lead at first; but they sang praises, prayed, and talked about their daily life and experience, as well as they could, and the Lord blessed these gatherings more and more. Extremely touching were the assemblies of the children in three or four sections, of which I knew nothing for a considerable time. There you would see

children of four years and upwards, all kneeling in a circle, and praying in so earnest, child-like, and intelligent a manner, that grown-up people, who happened to hear them, could not restrain their tears. Who had taught these little ones to pray, that used to go about so carelessly? Who put into their minds that sudden and irresistible desire to unite themselves in prayer? The answer to that question comforted and refreshed my mind beyond all I can express.

"For the grown-up people I now arranged evening lectures, held first at my own house twice a week, then in the large school-room; and when the school-room would not hold the people, we were obliged to assemble in the church. I held besides, three times during the summer, conferences, eight meetings each time, and each lasting about three hours. These the Lord was pleased greatly to bless. My principal aim in this was to lay a good foundation in the families for brotherly love, peace,

forbearance to one another, and the spirit of reconciliation. It became a rule that married people frequently prayed together, besides having the daily morning and evening prayers with their families; and this contributed more than anything else to the keeping alive and strengthening of the Christian spirit. In the conferences, I gave them advice as to their prayer meetings, which I desired to make as lively as possible. They were not to take place in one house only, but in every house, taking it in turn. And not only a few were to speak, but all, if possible; so that, through their own speaking, meditating, and inwardly digesting, a more lively interest in these matters might be awakened and nourished and brotherly love increased.

"The great zeal manifested in the spring of 1844 was somewhat diminished during the many outward affairs and cares of the summer. My parish belonged to the poorest in the land. Toward autumn I began to be much disquieted, since slothfulness and

indifference seemed to increase. I became again more earnest in my sermons, especially when I was alone with my parishioners. Many defects of the natural heart, not so much thought of, were put into life before me, and grace was given me to see them always first in my own heart and life. Whatsoever I thus brought before my congregation, *from my own heart, went to the heart immediately,* and brought forth good fruit. Our regular day of humiliation and supplication was specially blessed to that effect, and a new movement began to be felt throughout the parish. On those days many would fast. I remember especially one such day, when it was shown me from Ezekiel 34 that I had myself been, during my former ministry, like one of those shepherds that fed themselves rather than others, and allowed many of the sheep to become a prey to the wild beasts. I spoke with great sincerity, but with the firmest persuasion. And this made such an impression on the whole congregation that

they once more searched themselves through and through, and many came to me and confessed their lukewarmness.

"Notwithstanding all this, the feeling that this work of God would, according to the usual course of things, in the long run, lose its vigor and freshness, made me more and more familiar with the thought that the church of Christ at large wants a new outpouring of the spirit of Pentecost, and that *without this, nothing would be durable.* This led me to pray for a new outpouring of the Spirit, and that without ceasing, the more so as the signs seemed to indicate that we are not far from the last times. The clearer I begin to see the corruption and manifold defects of present Christendom, the more unavoidable is to me supplication for its renewal, which can only be occomplished through a special movement of the Spirit of God from above. After a careful examination of Joel 3, and Revelation 14, I can and must believe that the anti-Christian times, as prophesied in God's

Word, will be preceded by universal revivals. My heart shrinks when I look at the world; but expands when I look upward and into the world of prophecy. Oh, that the abominations and miseries of earth might soon come to an end!"

CHAPTER IV.

BODILY HEALING.

During the progress of the revival the most amazing cases of the cure of bodily disease began to appear. Blumhardt's personal faith was strong in the promises of God. He believed that the Word only ceases to operate through lack of faith. Speaking of this, he writes: "It was especially in that awful case of illness (Katarina Dittus) that I discovered how the testamentary words of our Lord Jesus Christ—'They shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover'—are not yet quite out of power, if applied with an humble, penitent, and believing heart. Everything concerning illness in my parish began to be

changed. Seldom did a medical man appear in it; the people would rather pray. Certain diseases, especially amongst newborn children, seemed entirely to cease, and the general state of health became better than it was before."

FIRST CASE OF HEALING.

In 1844 a man came to Blumhardt for religious instruction, who suffered intensely from rheumatism. The disease returned regularly every four weeks; but at times he was suddenly attacked during the period of rest, and would instantly fall to the ground helpless. When the pastor laid hands on him, in the Lutheran form of absolution, he suddenly felt a sensation as if something was passing downward through his legs and out of his body, and the disease was gone. He said nothing about it at the time, but awaited with anxiety the regular period of return; but he was never affected again.

It is to be remarked that Blumhardt knew nothing of this until afterward. After

some time these unknown cases became numerous, and the pastor at length was astonished by the revelation of the truth. His soul was, however, much encouraged to increased faith in God, and henceforth he regarded nothing in the way of healing as impossible.

Becoming much moved about the superstitions of the people, he determined to make a decided stand against their incantations and other sinful practices. At this very juncture, a woman came running to him in an agony of distress. She had just poured the boiling soup, prepared for breakfast, all over her three-year-old child. Blumhardt rushed to the spot. The poor little creature, not yet dressed, was horribly scalded all over its body, and was crying desperately. The room became filled with people, and some suggested sending for a person who professed to cure by reciting some magic couplet. Here was the very opportunity sought. The pastor urged all to pray silently, and, taking the screaming child in

his arms, looked up to heaven and sighed; when, lo! the little one ceased its outcries, and became perfectly quiet. Its body was covered with burns, which did not disappear for several days; but it had not a moment's pain afterward.

I cannot forbear calling special attention to this case. A child of three years could not by any possible means use its imagination to aid recovery; nor could we conceive of any power that could, without means, instantly allay the dreadful pain of scalded flesh. The publicity of this miracle of God's healing power is also worthy of notice.

A child, whose eyes were very seriously affected, was taken by his parents to the well-known Dr. Barth, their former pastor, to ask his advice. The physicians said an operation was necessary; but they felt drawn to go to Blumhardt. Dr. Barth said: "If you have faith that the Lord *can* and *will* cure your child, go to Blumhardt without hesitation; but if you have not

faith, you had better stay at home and have the operation performed." "Well," said the parents, "as far as faith is concerned, we have it;" and they went to Mottlingen. On that very day the child became better; and within three days the eyes were entirely healed.

A young boy, who was crook-backed and hopelessly crippled, was carried by his brother on a Sunday to Mottlingen, from a village three miles distant. The Sunday following, the two brothers returned to Mottlingen; but this time both were walking, though the boy was still crooked. After a short time he became perfectly straight. Being questioned as to his cure, he simply said: "I had something in my back, I do not know what it was, but now it has gone."

A youth, preparing for the high school, came to Blumhardt on Saturday evening. His eyes had become diseased, and pained him intensely when he went into the light. At the familiar prayer-meeting, which was always held the last night in the week,

Blumhardt advised him to sit in an adjoining room in the dark. At the close of the meeting, however, when a light was carried through the room, his pain was gone; and next day he walked alone in the sunlight.

During the festivities of Easter a young man afflicted with consumption came to Mottlingen, with the most ingenuous confidence that he would be healed during those holy days. His physicians had given him up to die; but his hollow voice contrasted strangely with his cheerful and lively disposition. So I saw him one Sunday, says an eye-witness, before the sermon, while walking around in the open air in company with a few others. After the sermon we met again, and talked about various matters; but our friend, who before had been the chief speaker, had become a silent man. The word of life had entered his heart like an arrow. "I must change," he said; "I must go and see the pastor." Apparently forgetting his sickness, all broken down in spirit, he went to Blumhardt's house. We

saw him again the same evening; he was happy and contented. He had become another man. An acquaintance, speaking of his later life, said: "He was like an angel among us." He remained one day longer, and then returned home. The moral cure was followed by the physical restoration, and he resumed his former occupation, which he had relinquished under the direction of his physicians.

A lady who had been suffering for many years with spine disease, and had been too lame to stand for about eighteen months, came to Mottlingen, after having tried all the places of cure in Europe. On Sunday she was carried to church to hear the sermon. One day, being much impressed spiritually, she sent for the pastor, saying that the sermon had been preached directly for her, and conversed with him entirely about her soul. This was after dinner. In the evening, when the guests at the pastor's house were about going out to walk, the patient's nurse came running, with tears of

joy in her eyes, and said: "Oh, pastor, you must not be alarmed, *but she walks!*" The whole company went directly to the residence of the patient, when she herself came to meet them on the stairs; whereupon all present knelt down and rendered thanks to God for His wonderful works.

The terrible case of Katarina Dittus was not the only one where he came face to face with the powers of darkness. The wickedness and guilt of man's fall he held to rest chiefly on the devil; it was Satan's malevolent and secret influences he endeavored with all his might to oppose. "Blumhardt," said one of his friends, "is in everything an optimist except on the score of possession; in this he is a pessimist." The pastor wrote: "In interesting myself in behalf of one possessed, I became involved in such a fearful conflict with the power of darkness as is not possible for me to describe." He afterward said: "He who does not see the wiles and artifices of the enemy only beats the air, and the devil is not afraid of him."

There can be no reasonable doubt that the theology of Bunyan's time was charged with a strong belief in the personality of the devil; and this belief unquestionably strengthened the appeals of the early Methodists. To-day men are prone to deny personality to anything they cannot see; and Satan is delighted at the easy advantage given him by this presumptuous and foolish disregard of his powers.

A rich lady, who had been thrown into a profound melancholy by the sudden death of her husband, was constantly beset by the desire to commit suicide. Her mother, who had great confidence in Blumhardt, brought her one day to Mottlingen, and took lodgings at a hotel. Before long, in consequence of her repeated attempts on her own life, the proprietor refused to entertain them any longer. Blumhardt compassionately offered a room in his own house, and provided an attendant to watch her day and night. The patient was not pious; the religious exercises of the house

did not suit her, and she manifested a decided dislike for the pastor (as did all who were similarly affected). One evening, Blumhardt's servant, John, heard a terrible noise in the widow's room. He called for the female attendant, and as she did not answer, searched for her and found her down stairs. "Go up quickly," said he, "there is something wrong." She ran upstairs, but found the door locked. At once she rushed down and out into the street, when she was horrified to see the unfortunate woman hanging by the neck out of the window. John had by this time forced the door open with a hatchet, the noise of which brought Blumhardt and others to the spot. The woman was untied and laid upon the bed, and every means of resuscitation was tried for some time; but in vain. At last the pastor said: "She is dead; but that must not be; let us pray." They fell on their knees and prayed long and earnestly. Finally Blumhardt directed John to force her mouth open, which

being done, the pastor breathed into it; whereupon the woman respired several times, but soon after again became breathless. Later, she suddenly began howling like a wild animal, and kept it up for a long time. In the meanwhile the physician, who had been sent for, arrived; but when he saw her neck horribly mutilated and heard her cries, he said: "For all that I can do, she is dead," and left the house. The patient quieted down again, and fell back into her former lifeless condition. John did not leave her for a moment. Finally, during the evening service, she awoke at the singing and said: "The pastor is a good man, anyhow." Then she turned to John and asked: "Is it you, Fritz?" (Fritz was her dead husband's name.) To avoid any excitement, John answered, "Yes." "Oh," said she, "but that is good of you to be here again. I had also died; I was in hell; but the pastor, the good man, has called me out of it. I will never return to hell again." At ten o'clock two men came to

relieve John; whereupon she became much excited, and exclaimed: "Go away! I will not return again into hell. They want to take me back to hell! you will stay with me, Fritz, will you not?" The men left the room; but the excitement continued until John said: "Dear wife, don't you think it would be better if you would become quiet and try to rest?" She replied: "Yes, Fritz, you are right," and soon was sound asleep. At five o'clock in the morning, she awoke. "Are you here, John?" said she. "It is strange; I took you before for my husband." John asked her: "Do you know what you have done? How could you do such a thing?" "Yes, I know," she replied; "avarice was the cause of it. When my husband was living, we saved one thousand florins every year; and when he died, and this ceased, I could not get over it. I constantly thought, if only my attendant would leave the room, I would have a chance. All the night a voice kept telling me: 'See this necktie; you can hang yourself with it.'

But I shall not do it again. I know now where the self-murderers go. I have been in hell; I will not go there again. Oh, the pastor is a brave man!"

In a short time she was well in body and soul. Three months later she was married again and remained a faithful member of the church at Mottlingen.

The son of a peasant, young, rich, and intelligent, having entered the army, was so badly treated by one of his superiors that he lost his mind, and could speak no words, except to say over and over, "Hum, hum, hum, one, two, three." In this condition he visited Blumhardt, and endeavored to explain his trouble to the pastor by repeating these monotonous words. The next day was the Sabbath, and after hearing the sermon he felt much better. He remained a week longer, and was entirely cured of his disease.

A very strange case of mental disease was that of a little boy who had begun to preach to his brothers and sisters while

playing in the nursery. His parents foolishly admired his actions. Thus encouraged, he repeated it every day, becoming more and more serious and solemn, until he finally turned to his parents and preached repentance to them. A great deal of attention was excited by this, and people flocked to see and hear him. But suddenly he was seized by a mental disease that put a stop to his proceedings. Soon after he became dumb. The physician gave up all hope of recovery, but advised his parents to take him to Blumhardt. When the pastor heard the story, he turned to the boy and scolded him severely, and then demanded of him: "What is the fifth commandment?" No answer was given; but the pastor reiterated the question more imperiously, when he replied: "Honor thy father and mother." Blumhardt then reproved him with great earnestness, especially because he had dared to preach penitence to his parents; and added, "If the Lord wishes to have repentance preached to them, He will not need

you, anyhow." The boy recovered rapidly.

A woman called on Blumhardt and asked him: "What do you think of revelation and apparition? Yesterday in the Bible class, I could see that you mistrust them altogether. You are wrong." Then she related that she had been ill and unfit for any work all her life; but for some time she had been visited by God. She saw herself, almost constantly, surrounded by a brilliant light. In this light she also saw Jesus, who spoke sometimes to her, and again to God the Father. At other times she heard the Father answering the Son. Blumhardt remembered that he had heard of her case, and that people considered her a privileged person. "After having heard her story," said he, "I thought it would be necessary to take a very decided stand; and I answered briefly, 'all that is from the devil.'" The woman was furiously angry, and rushed out of the house. The next day she came again, and thanked Blumhardt for her recovery. She said that as soon as she had

reached home the light disappeared, and she saw and heard nothing more. She said: "I am perfectly certain now that the whole thing was a disease and a deception of the evil spirit; but now I am well." Her unlimited mental pride was changed into a remarkable modesty and humility.

CHAPTER V.

BAD BOLL.

The house at Mottlingen soon became too small to accommodate those who came to him for advice and prayer, and a great dilemma oppressed him. He must either give up his parish or his patients. To attend properly to both was impossible. In his perplexity he went before the Lord, and soon he was directed to a choice. Some short distance from Mottlingen were situated the well-known sulphur baths at Boll, near Goppingen. The house had been built, and the spacious grounds laid out to form a sort of Hamburg, or Wiesbaden. But the speculation had failed, and the government

of Wurtemberg offered them for sale. The pastor heard of this and went at once to Stuttgart to make inquiries. The conditions of sale proved to be unexpectedly favorable, both as to price and the method of payment. For the first instalment eight thousand florins only were demanded. On returning to Mottlingen, Blumhardt related these particulars at the table to his guests. There was, among the rest, a manufacturer present from the native place of good pastor Oberlin, in the northeast of France. This man, who had something of Oberlin's spirit, said that as he had set aside eight thousand florins for some benevolent foundation, he was quite ready to place the sum at the pastor's disposal. The way was thus providentially opened, and a doubt that the thing was of the Lord never afterward entered the thoughts of Blumhardt. It is also stated that the king sent a message and a gift to encourage him to proceed.

Streams of people soon began to arrive at Bad Boll, and so numerous did the vis-

itors become, that it soon became necessary to convert the forty-two bath-rooms on the ground floor into sleeping apartments. Everything was conducted in the most orderly and systematic manner. The charge for board was very moderate, and barely enough to cover expenses. For invalid missionaries, or poor persons, a further reduction was made. Some of the richer visitors voluntarily paid more, and thus enabled some of the destitute to be entertained free of any expense. "During my stay at Bad Boll," says one, "there were representatives from Norway, Holland, Denmark, Russia, France, Switzerland, Prussia, Saxony, Baden, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, England and America. The young students of the neighboring University were constantly attracted there during their vacations, and were freely kept. All unreal distinctions, caused by false etiquette, selfishness and pride ceased; while all the real distinctions of nature, as well as of providential appointment, were observed with

fine temper and easy tact. Narrow prejudices seemed to vanish; visitors regarded each other in their human relations, and a sympathetic interest in each other was felt rather than expressed. At the same table would sit a pale Bavarian peasant and a Russian court lady; princely persons sat down by the side of weary traders. The home is a masterpiece, a manifestation of Christianity conceived in all the depth of its riches and fulness, moving in freedom, and invested with evangelical life. One feels one's heart expanding here, and Christianity appears as one does not easily find it elsewhere."

There was no artificial wall or partition between the secular and the sacred; the latter was not lowered, and the former was not deprived of its rights. Visitors saw the sacred regarded as human, and the human somehow transfigured, so that they wondered why it could not be the same in other Christian houses.

It was Blumhardt's remarkable person-

ality that was instrumentally the cause of this. Frau Blumhardt also contributed to the general result. The woman delivered from Satanic possession at Mottlingen had come to Bad Boll with the pastor and his wife. Saved by the Lord, after Blumhardt's effectual prayer, she could not leave them. She developed such a genius for organizing and arranging the large mansion for the numerous visitors, as to become indispensable in the house. On all occasions she exhibited so much sound sense and discretion that neither the pastor nor his wife undertook any important matter without consulting her. This was the more remarkable because, as the daughter of a small farmer, she had received little more than a village education. It may be added that she afterward married a gentleman of social position, and at her death left three sons, and one who had been adopted.

Describing Bad Boll, one of the visitors says: "In the dining-room were two long tables, each intended to seat sixty or seventy

persons; sometimes a cross table at the top of the room. The signal for meals is given by a bell, at the sound of which the inmates flock into the room from all parts of the house and grounds. There would be mostly from a hundred to a hundred and fifty present. As the pastor moved up the room his cheery 'good-morning' would be heard. His face wore a look brimful of genial kindliness, changing, however, to a look of compassion as he paused to ask a sympathetic question, or to say a word of tenderness. The children, whom he always noticed, he patted on the head, and so passed on to his seat, which was ordinarily at the middle of the table, Mrs. Blumhardt sitting opposite to him. Special regard was paid to strangers; they were never left unnoticed, but made to feel at home. 'Didn't all the people love him!' those who had been there would afterwards say to one another. All being ready, the whole of the visitors rose, and the words of grace were heard:—

'Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest,
And bless to us what Thou givest.'

After breakfast the text for the day was read from a Daily Manual of the Moravian Brethren; birthdays of former patients and visitors were noted in the book, and were often cordially referred to. The address was brief, and at its close there was a hymn, set to a sweet melody, the music of which was often composed by the pastor. This was succeeded by a short prayer of thanksgiving. There is no trace of any cant or formalism. All is fresh and cheerful, and the impression of peace and elevation is very vivid. The peace of God indeed breathes in the house, and is felt in the least things as well as in the greatest. The atmosphere of the place acts upon the spirit as the fresh mountain air acts upon the body."

With all this there was a remarkable cheerfulness, Blumhardt displaying much humor, and when with the children a great deal of playfulness. The grounds surrounding the house were well laid out. In the garden was a long colonnade where ladies

often took their work, inhaling the sweet scent of many roses and flowers, and frequently listening while one read aloud. In the house was a reading-room supplied with German and French newspapers and books, with a sprinkling of English ones among them. There was also a piano for the use of visitors, and good readings were occasionally given. Arrangements were made also whereby carriages could be inexpensively hired for beautiful excursions. Everything was pleasant, business-like, and yet invariably under an atmosphere of bright and unworldly piety.

The evening readings closed with an exposition of the portion of Scripture which had been read. This was simple and clear, always forcible, often profound. The delivery was in no pietistic tone, but quiet and conversational. There was not a trace of the pulpit mannerism, which is sometimes observed; but at times there was an earnestness of feeling which raised the voice and seized hold of the spirit of the hearer. To

all pious gossip the pastor was a great enemy. People soon learnt that it could not come near him, nor was it ever indulged in by him. There was about him a sort of "noble nonchalance" that frowned on the assumed. All was simplicity, freedom and naturalness.

Blumhardt never obtruded himself on his guests. He expected their inward conversion by the blessing of God upon the clear statement of His word, as set forth in domestic worship, or taught in his sermons in the church. If, however, any one of the visitors sought further direction, he was always ready to give it in his study. He also appointed special hours for this more private guidance and encouragement. But the individual treatment can scarcely be described. There was about it a winning sympathy quite unique and original. Inquiring or perplexed souls derived from this informal intercourse a blessing, even more remarkable than that which attended the public discussions.

A lady was sorely plagued and harrassed night and day by all kinds of religious doubts. Her brother brought the pastor to her one day. Blumhardt did not argue with her, nor seek to convince her of the truth of Christianity. He listened to her, cast himself and her as he did so, on the grace of the Holy Spirit, and then, in full confidence in the power of Christ, quietly said: "The dear Saviour will set it all right. He is a conqueror, and will leave the enemy no power." If at first the answer was disappointing, the result was signally satisfactory. The reasoning powers were not started on new arguments. The heart, which influences the head more than the judgment does the heart, was appealed to. The thoughts were directed exclusively to One, One only, and that was the Saviour Himself. It was a case where the tempted one could find rest only in Jesus, and the best thing was clearly to suggest His invitation, "Come unto me." The troubled and harrassed spirit soon found calm; gloomy

thoughts vanished; peace, once known and long lost, returned; bodily strength improved, and she often said: "Oh, if I could only direct all who are in the same trouble as I was, to come here!" This is one example out of many.

Blumhardt was no friend to forced acts of penitence. He believed in the natural growth of conversion when there was prayer, and when the person placed himself under the quickening rays of God's Word. He recommended to those who had been led to become followers of Christ, and even to those the most advanced on the road, "daily repentance before God for daily faults." This he used to call "the best household medicine they could use." This advice he repeated in a published meditation, written for a Stuttgart magazine, Feb. 9, 1800. "A forgiveness of sins, once received by faith, after a true repentance, remains firm and secure. You have, however, to see to it now that all is right in the running, and that the walking agrees

thereto. The daily course, the feet, must not remain uncleansed; if it is so you may lose again all you possessed. The remembrance of this should keep you on the watch, should drive you to 'pray without ceasing,' and lead every night to real repentance and renewal* of faith" (See John 13:10).

He would also guard against what he termed "impetuous" prayers. "Our prayers," he said, "must often turn into a patient waiting, but by no means must they be ever without hope. Moreover, the Lord has His own times. He knows what must, in the proper order of thnigs, take place first. His turn may be before ours. He always so helps as to prove that He alone has done it. He will not share His glory with another. He only is the deliverer and helper; therefore, looking alone to Him, take fresh courage. He *is* friendly. He

* The pastor evidently did not mean that faith was to be renewed because it had been broken; but renewed as the breath renews the life in the body; that is, continued, exercised, increased.

will come. The bitter Marah waters will be sweetened as He is looked to, and after the weeping over the bitterness, there will be the more of comfort and gladness in the sweetness He will impart."

CHAPTER VI.

A VSIT TO BAD BOLL.

When I was studying theology at the University of Tubingen some few years ago, there used to be a good deal of discussion among the students concerning an institution not far off, where people were said to be cured of all manner of diseases through the efficacy of prayer. Stories, little short of the miraculous, were whispered about in confidence from one to another; sometimes by an eye-witness, who seemed ashamed to be the custodian of facts which only eye-witnesses, perhaps, could ever be expected to believe.

My interest was thoroughly aroused, and I resolved to make a pilgrimage to Bad Boll as soon as proficiency with the German

language permitted me to venture so far away from the sympathetic shades of my new Alma Mater.

An afternoon in autumn found me in the slow south German train, winding along the banks of the Neckar, through hop-gardens and vineyards, in the direction where I was told this mysterious institution was to be found. After an hour and a half's ride, we changed carriages at the way-side station of Bailingen, and half an hour more along a rural side line brought me and the few peasants who were the sole occupants of the two carriages, to a rustic terminus. It lay at the head of one of those long, green, sleepy valleys, which are only to be found in Wurtemberg. Bad Boll was some eight miles distant. There was no conveyance, but the afternoon was still young, so, shouldering my knapsack, I started off on foot. The road was good, and led for a couple of hours through one of the loveliest districts of Southern Germany. The Swabian Alps were close at hand to the

right, and the vineyards on every side were dropping with the richest fruit.

I had often heard of the praying establishment at Mannedorf, under the care of Dorothea Trudel; but the name of Bad Boll, or its founder, Pastor Blumhardt, were altogether unfamiliar until I arrived at Tubingen. I expected, therefore, from its local reputation, to find Bad Boll little more than an ordinary farm-house, or at best one of those small old castles which never surprise one, even in the most out-of-the-way places in Germany. What was my astonishment, therefore, in rounding a sudden turn of the road, to see before me a mansion of commanding size, and so imposing in appearance that it might have been the country seat of an English nobleman. Rising out from its background of hill and wood, surrounded by spacious grounds, and flanked on either side by picturesque mountain spurs, it was clear at a glance that the promoters of Bad Boll had not been so much absorbed in their spiritual

work as to forget the healing power of natural beauty.

I was received at the hall door-way by servants, who, in answer to my requests for accommodations, conducted me at once along a lofty corridor to a neat bed-room. Here I found, for the guidance of visitors, a printed programme of the house arrangements and rules. Mastering these hastily in the intervals of dressing, I made the satisfactory discovery that supper was due. Punctual to the moment the bell rang. On opening the door I found a stream of guests already directing their steps toward one end of the building. Into this stream of inmates I merged, and as no one stared particularly, I looked as German as I could, and tried to feel at home. On reaching a door-way we were ushered into a spacious hall, with two long tables down either side, crossed by a third at the top. At the bottom of one of these, a napkin with a ring bearing my name, showed where the last arrival was expected to sit. The moment

we were seated, silence was called for, and every head was reverently bowed. The short, fervent grace over, my eye instinctively ran in the direction of the voice. It came from one who sat almost at my side, a man well up in years, wavy, gray hair, broad, full face, wearing an expression of singular calmness—a quiet, happy, homely face. There was little to distinguish him from the guests around, and but for a certain official look about the little bell which stood in front of him, and which had summoned the company to silence, I should never have suspected that this plain man, in the dress of a country minister, was the Christoph Blumhardt, of whom I had heard so much.

How did he come to be here, this unobtrusive man, in the center of these hundred and fifty visitors, many of them people of wealth, some even of distinction? And how did it come to pass that this princely mansion had for its head a humble Lutheran pastor? It is the old and soon-told

history, which those who have pondered over the beginnings of Christian work could almost foretell.

Thirty years ago, perhaps, Christoph Blumhardt was the obscure pastor of a small Protestant church in a German village, called Mottlingen. There was nothing remarkable about him, except that he was a man of strong faith and much prayer. In his visits amongst his people, his sympathies were frequently touched by meeting with repeated cases of severe illness. The people were poor, and medical attendance was with difficulty obtained. Could he do nothing for them? Must he see them suffer, and linger and die? No; there was one thing he could do. He could pray. It was his one resource; his strange resource, one feels almost tempted to say; so he prayed, prayed without ceasing.

Time wore on, and people began to frequent the little rectory to get the benefit of his prayers; for he got answers—answers without ceasing. The sick came, the friends

of the sick came, until the house became a very hospital. Many of the unbidden guests were discharged cured; but more always crowded in to take their places. More came, and more; and the village began to fill as well as the manse. Tidings of one startling cure after another ran through the country-side, and at last it became apparent to the pastor that he must either give up his hospital or his pastorate. Between preaching and praying the good man was all but worked to death, and the "hospital" was becomnig far too small for the ceaseless demands that were now almost daily made upon it.

At this juncture there happened to be in the market a large property named Bad Boll, in a district of country not very far distant. It had been originally bought by a party of financiers in the hope of making it a gambling spa, like Hamburg or Wiesbaden, fine and copious mineral springs being in the neighborhood. A magnificent building was put up, with baths, gaming-

tables, dancing-saloons, and all the requirements of a fashionable watering-place. But for some reason or other the scheme was a failure, and now the entire establishment was in the hands of the government for sale. Pastor Blumhardt heard of it, thought of it, prayed over it, and finally bought it. The price was not high; the government offered it for Blumhardt's purpose very much under cost. It is recorded that the king himself afterward sent a check to the pastor, which met the expenses of preparing the house for its new guests. This fact will give some idea of the estimate in which Blumhardt and his work were held by those who were entitled to judge.

All this and more I picked up during the progress of supper, in conversation with those next to whom I happened to be sitting. The supper itself reminded me of nothing so much as a meal in one of our home hydropathic establishments. Indeed, the whole arrangements are identical with

those which obtain in the best managed of such institutions, and no comparison could give a better idea of what Bad Boll is. It is simply a religious hydropathic, if the latter word may be disrobed of its technical meaning; and any one who has ever spent a few days at Crieff, or Matlock, will be able exactly to imagine the kind of life at Pastor Blumhardt's. There is of course a religious, or, I should say, a Christian, atmosphere about the place; but religion is not at all forced into prominence. Certainly no criticism could be more unjust than that which would hint at the existence of anything like religious dissipation. The life, on the contrary, is natural, human, and free in every direction. Conversation is at all times just as among educated Christian people anywhere, and religious services are neither too long nor too frequent. The pastor's prayers are marked by much simplicity and subdued power, qualities which likewise distinguish his Bible expositions,

which are also marked by earnestness and practical point.

On Sundays and Thursdays, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, there is always a special service in the little church attached to the house, and at this the pastor preaches a sermon. In the afternoon of the former day there is likewise a meeting for the purpose of catechising, or on behalf of some mission, and at eight o'clock in the evening, a Bible reading. These sum up the entire public religious exercises of the week. What then is there about all this to give it the distinction of being called a praying establishment? Where are the people who are prayed for? Where are the sick? Where are the wards, and what cures are effected?

To these questions I can give little answer. Of the hundred and fifty visitors who were there, a majority certainly seemed in perfect health. They had come there probably for two purposes: in the first place, for pure air and rest; and, secondly, for the spiritual stimulus to be obtained

from the close Christian fellowship of the place. Possibly some were drawn by tenderer ties; by gratitude for health restored there in the past; by attachment to one who had been useful to their friends or themselves in some dark time of trouble. There were others again who bore traces of being still in somewhat impaired health; but there was not the appearance of "patients" and "invalids" that one might have expected.

There were, however, a few who never appeared in the public rooms at all, and who were understood to be undergoing the peculiar "treatment" of the house in private. What that treatment was I cannot precisely say. Whether there was the laying on of hands, intercessory prayer, invocation, or the use of means, I cannot say. Probably there were all of them; at all events, Pastor Blumhardt does not profess to ignore the reasonable use of means. But, at the same time, whatever the details of the system may be, there is no doubt that the root principle, heart and core of it, is taken from

no profounder treatise than that which contains the words: "Is there any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord; and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up" (Jas. 5: 14, 15).

Although I had several opportunities of talking with the pastor, I did not like to press him upon this subject. It is known to be his desire—and it cannot be too much respected—to work as quietly and unostentatiously as possible, and for many years now he has allowed no official report of any of the cures to be published. I understand, however, that his two sons—both of whom are licentiates of the Lutheran church, and have devoted their lives to assist their father in carrying on the great establishment with which his name is associated—have kept detailed notes of the work of all those years, which may probably one day see the light. This

being so, I do not wish to go into the details of any of the cures I heard about, nor to enter into the solemn questions which they raise. At the same time, I do not hesitate to state the conviction I formed, that there were elements of reality in many of them which one felt that he durst not question. Although little is volunteered about it, any one making respectful and judicious inquiries amongst the guests, cannot fail to meet with irresistible confirmation of the fact, that innumerable cases are treated with extraordinary and almost miraculous success.

In addition to those under his own roof, Pastor Blumhardt has a large constituency in the towns and villages round about, and multitudes of letters come in every day, urgently begging for his prayers. The telegraph even is brought into requisition, and messages are constantly arriving from all parts of Europe, desiring special intercession for some case of dangerous illness or sudden emergency. They are all attended to personally, and the correspondence alone

which they involve requires several hours' work each day.

Within the last few years considerable additions have had to be made to the house, and the government has shown its recognition of the importance of the establishment by supplying it, not only with a post office, but with a telegraph. Two diligences have also been put on, which run daily to and from the nearest railway station, Goppingen, half way on the line between Ulm and Stuttgart. This is the most direct way for visitors from this country who wish to visit Boll, Goppingen being distant only some two hours by carriage.

Let me add this practical sentence for the encouragement of any who may be inclined to include a few days at Boll in their next continental tour: nothing could be more moderate than the cost. The table is thoroughly good and substantial; but not even in Norway, or the less known districts of the Black Forest, have I anywhere found living less expensive. When I asked for

my bill, indeed, I found there was nothing to pay at all! Theological students seem to have *carte blanche* to come at any time and stay as long as they choose without any payment. When I insisted, however, on paying at least the usual rates, I found these to be only somewhere within a fraction of an English florin per diem. This does not in the least seem to affect the class of society who are to be found there, an idea of the variety of which may be formed when I state that the little circle in which I was thrown, by the chances of a seat at table, consisted of a German missionary, his English wife and family, a Swiss gentleman, a family from Russia, a Prussian general and his wife, a professor and a geological student who hailed from Tubingen.

I have come to think of Boll, since visiting it, as in many ways one of the most interesting places in Europe—interesting not only for its natural loveliness, its past history, its warm fellowships, and cherished

memories, but for its noble testimony to Christian faith, and for the problems in the deepest things of life and truth which it leaves for years to solve. And certainly no holiday could be better spent than with the little colony of God's people who are always to be found gathered round the old pastor, whose life-work all these years has been this beautiful and mysterious ministry of prayer.

The good pastor himself, alas, since these words were first transcribed from my note-book, has been gathered to his rest. He was a remarkable man, and leaves a work behind him too remarkable to cease; and though the visitor now will miss the characteristic figure, he will find there still the same spirit and faith.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD.

It should cause us no surprise to read that the good pastor met with opposition,

even in the matter of bodily healing. When Christ and His apostles healed the body, no one objected till the truth was thereby pointed at their hearts; and so, if Blumhardt had healed without any pretence of religion, there is no doubt he would have received praise from all quarters. It is ever found that the name of Jesus rouses the enmity of the devil. Not long after the publication of the marvels at Mottlingen, the authorities undertook to interfere, and in January, 1844, the ministry forbade him to cure the sick, and ordered him to turn them over to a physician.

Blumhardt's answer was as follows: "I will not impose my hand on any stranger; I will not allow any one to stay here over Sunday night; in short, I shall allow them to do nothing beyond telling me of their troubles, when I will give them advice and dismiss them. Then if cures still take place (for God's hand cannot be put in chains), I shall at least be free from the charge of disobedience." In June, 1846, he wrote to

a friend: "Everything goes on well, although there is an exterior stagnation. For the last four weeks I have not listened to any cases; people must be satisfied with the church services. Notwithstanding, a great many miracles happen in church."

Blumhardt's announcement from the pulpit that he could not receive any more patients at his house, made a great sensation among the people. To this announcement he added: "You who are sick, just come to church and tell your sufferings to the Lord, and mark well what is preached to you. I shall not cease to pray for you, and as for your pains, it is not necessary that I should know them." Nearly every day persons who had not heard of this, came to the manse; but Blumhardt ordered his servant not to admit them. Once a man succeeded in getting upstairs. Blumhardt ordered him away, when the man said, "Yes, pastor, I will go, I only came to thank you. I had been very ill. I had a terrible" . . . "I do not want to hear it," interrupted

Blumhardt; "You are well, are you not?" "Yes," replied the man. "I did what you said in your sermon, and now I am very well."

The church authorities were besieged by the physicians of the country, urging them to put a stop to Blumhardt's doings. The newspapers, also, were constantly attacking the cures, so that he finally received a formal order from the Consistory enjoining him, not only to cease curing and to turn the patients over to the physicians, but also ordering him to confine himself strictly to advising submission and patience in the sick. He was even ordered to tell people that there was no possible hope of being cured directly by the Lord, without the intermediate help of a physician. At this point Blumhardt's endurance ceased to be a virtue; yet he did not wish to enter into an open conflict, and suffered greatly in the dilemma imposed upon him. Besides the direct orders of the ecclesiastical authorities, he was constantly watched by

emissaries of the physicians, who wished to discover the supposed secret of his cures. But as the following will show, every such endeavor or inquiry turned to his advantage.

In the spring of 1846, Dr. Steinkopf, of Stuttgart, came to Mottlingen with the avowed intention of inquiring into the cures and finding out the real condition of things. One Sunday, while standing in front of the church, he recognized a woman who had formerly been treated at the clinic of Tubingen, where he had been studying. This woman had been declared incurable by the faculty, and dismissed from the hospital. As soon as Steinkopf saw her, he exclaimed: "What, Madeline, are you here, too?" "Yes," she replied; "I was cured here." The physician asked for particulars, and she said: "Last year (December, 1845), I came three or four times to see Blumhardt. I told him my trouble, and so I recovered from my sickness." Steinkopf, greatly astonished, asked her to accompany

him to the pastor's house. Arrived there, the physician explained the object of his visit at Mottlingen, and asked permission to examine the woman in Blumhardt's house, which was permitted. After the examination the physician gave Blumhardt the following document:

"Marie Madeline Raff from Eutzthal, now thirty-five years old, was admitted to the clinic of Tubingen in March, 1844. She was treated there until July, 1845, when she was declared incurable by all the physicians who had been observing her, and dismissed from the hospital. However, as a last hope, they sent her for a few weeks to a watering place; but this had not the slightest effect. Seeing that all hope was gone, the patient came to seek for help from Pastor Blumhardt. Immediately after the first visit she felt herself considerably relieved, and after three months all symptoms of sickness had completely disappeared. The undersigned, to his great astonishment, found the patient in May, 1846,

to be in perfect health, in Mottlingen, where she attended church. The particulars of the case may be found in the clinical department of the Tubingen school of medicine. The truth of the above is hereby certified.—Dr. K. Steinkopf,

Mottlingen, May 24, 1846."

Upon a Saturday in May, 1846, a woman came to Mottlingen suffering from her hand, which was kept tightly clenched by a terrible convulsive pain, until the nails had grown into the palm. She wanted to enter the pastor's house, but was refused admittance. She had been treated at Tubingen, but with no success. Although she did not see Blumhardt, yet he heard of her case and prayed for her. That very evening she went to the prayer meeting, and the next morning came triumphantly to the pastor's house, and, as soon as the servant opened the door, she exclaimed: "This time I want to see the pastor." When the servant declared it to be impossible, she replied: "Why not?" and extended her open and en-

tirely cured hand, saying: "My hand opened last evening in the prayer-meeting, and I want to thank the pastor for it." Unfortunately, in her exultation, she went to Tubingen and showed the physicians her hand completely well. As was to be expected, they gave her a very disagreeable reception, and charged her with lying and deceit in the whole matter. Smarting with indignation, she succeeded in obtaining an interview with Blumhardt, when he merely gave her this advice: "You had better go home, keep quiet, and get yourself converted."

Similar wonders occurred daily, although the number of people visiting Mottlingen decreased for the reasons above given. A few examples from the experiences at Bad Boll may be interesting. Blumhardt held that the signs mentioned by our risen Saviour (Mark 16:18) embraced a promise for all times, and that if the signs were now lacking it was through a want of faith in the Church. He took the Lord at His word. Many a captive, who had been en-

thralled bodily and mentally by Satan, went away from Bad Boll rejoicing in a liberty wherewith Christ had, in both respects, made him free. Often, as those who had left wrote to tell of their healing, and of the change that had passed over their life, Blumhardt would say with energy: "Thank God, the God of our fathers still lives!"

An esteemed professor of the school of medicine at the University of Tubingen, resolved, during one of his vacations, to go and make personal inquiries about these cases of healing. Curiosity mainly moved him. He asked the pastor to give him some proofs of the reality of these cures. Blumhardt said: "Give yourself time and take out of these drawers of my writing-table the letters I have received. Take out as many as you please. Examine the testimony of others as to the answers to prayer for healing. I know of no other proof I can give." An intelligent visitor afterward said: "This professor has often related to me that Blumhardt left him alone with the letters. He

confessed that during the reading of these letters, some of which he thought remarkable, his astonishment grew more and more, and it became difficult to him to continue to doubt, as he had done, the reality of these things, and still more difficult, knowing the man to be a thoroughly open and honorable character, and the least likely to lend himself to anything approaching a selfish fraud."

Blumhardt ever acted by faith. By faith he resigned his charge at Mottlingen and went to Bad Boll; by faith he lived there, enlarged the house and dwelt amongst his numerous visitors; by faith, by prayer, that was his life. A guest once found the pastor and his wife deeply anxious; they were watching the sick bed of their youngest child, not six months old. The symptoms took a dangerous form, and the babe became hopelessly ill. But the father prayed —left the dear child in the arms of the Saviour; and, although it was supposed that death was at hand, both came down to the

usual evening worship with their accustomed equanimity, so that none suspected the anguish of their hearts. Happily the next morning the pastor came to the table to tell with a cheerful face that the child lived, and had been given back to him, as it proved, from death itself. A Bavarian theologian said: "What a grand and noble thing is a heart established by grace!"

One day Blumhardt received a telegram saying that a loved sister of an affectionate household was in the last stage of cholera. To the doctors the case was hopeless. Blumhardt sent back a telegram telling of a journey he must make to preach in Stuttgart, and begged the family to unite with him in prayer. As he journeyed he prayed all the time. On his return home that evening another telegram awaited him, which began with "Wonderful! To the amazement of the physicians, the unfavorable symptoms have disappeared, and our sister is in a fair way of recovery."

A boy was brought to Bad Boll in a state

of violent lunacy. He was perfectly naked and would not tolerate clothing for an instant. Of course he had to be confined and closely watched. The pastor visited him and prayed with him repeatedly, but he was very violent, and finally injured Blumhardt by a severe kick. After this the lunatic suddenly became attracted by a child playing in the garden, and manifested a strong affection for him. By means of this affection he was much more easily controlled, and finally permitted himself to be dressed, as a condition to being allowed to play with his little friend in the garden. Before he had been long in the open air he encountered the gardener's son and got into a violent altercation with him, which was terminated by a heavy blow upon the head, inflicted by a mallet in his opponent's hand. The poor lad was taken up and carried into the house, when an examination revealed a fractured skull, and his case was pronounced hopeless. Another member of Blumhardt's family, who had visited

the boy after the pastor had received his injury, went to his bedside and prayed earnestly for his recovery. In a very short time he was entirely well, and clothed and in his right mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMARKABLE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

One of the most noteworthy scenes in his life was witnessed at the first singing of his triumphant hymn, "Jesus is Victor." Blumhardt, accompanied by a great number of people from Mottlingen, had gone to the village of Ostelsheim where a mission celebration took place. After the ceremonies were over they returned to Mottlingen. Blumhardt, accompanied by the pastor of the other village and a few other persons, walked a little distance ahead of the crowd. For some time he had beeen perfectly silent, while the others were engaged in conversation. He was composing mentally the following little hymn, which presently he communicated to his companions:

"Jesus is the Victor, He
Who conquers all His enemies!
Jesus it is before whose feet
The whole world prostrate lies!
'Tis Jesus comes, with glory bright,
Bringing the world through night to light."

In the meanwhile he had reached the square in front of the church; here they sang the newly-composed verse to the well-known melody, "Grand God We Praise Thee." Suddenly it seemed as if hundreds of rejoicing voices accompanied them from a neighboring wood, so powerfully that the friends of Blumhardt were deeply impressed, and so astonished that it was impossible for them to utter another word; but Blumhardt kept on singing. When the pastor reached his home, Gottliebin Dittus, one of the sisters delivered from demoniacal possession, recited the very same verse to him. She was in a state of deep emotion, and Blumhardt was astonished to hear from her lips the identical words which he had just been singing for the first time.

Blumhardt had, properly speaking, few enemies; but his rigid opposition to the su-

perstitious beliefs and practices of the people, roused the hostility of a few wicked men who entered into a regular conspiracy against his life; but these conspirators were unknown and could not be detected. For some time guards watched the pastor's house; yet, at one time during 1844, in spite of every effort and of fast-locked doors and windows, noisy footsteps were heard plainly every night in the halls of the manse; but the inmates were not otherwise troubled. At one time a determined effort was made to burn him out. Blumhardt's mother had been visiting him, and was about to leave very early in the morning. The coachman who came to drive her to her home, noticed a thick smoke issuing from a barn on the premises. He cried "Fire!" and alarmed the neighbors, who crowded to the spot, and after great efforts succeeded in extinguishing the conflagration. The straw in the barn was found to be filled with boxes of matches and other combustible material. While all this was going on,

Blumhardt, in ignorance of the commotion, read this verse: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper" (Isa. 54:17), and then asked God to fulfil it wherever it had or might have application to himself. During his prayer the news of the criminal attempt upon his property reached the house.

During the same month in which the above attempt was made, the mysterious footsteps were explained in some measure. The scoundrel who created the disturbances was at times in the room directly over Blumhardt's head, and one night, when he made a loud noise, the pastor who was praying for him, exclaimed aloud, "Jesus is Victor." The next morning this letter, written on a wretched piece of paper, was found near the back door of the house:

"July 16, 1844.

"*Dear Friend*:—I leave your house at four o'clock this morning, but not as I entered it. I entered it as a murderer and had murderous thoughts until I heard the

exclamation, 'Jesus is Victor.' Yes, Jesus is Victor, and now my conscience is awakened. I passed last night in despair under your roof. Of course your trouble has been useless, because you are annoyed by the devil; and if the blood of Christ is not heard this very day, I have nothing left but to turn toward myself the knife with which I wanted to pierce your heart. The fiery eye of God has seen me and has thrust a sting into my soul. I received what I deserved. I had honestly served the devil; now he has rewarded me with a realization of the horrors of hell, as I heard so often repeated the name of the Almighty God. Please have the kindness to pray for me to the Heavenly Father. I thank you for your faithfulness; remember me for Jesus' sake.—YOUR ENEMY."

The same evening in prayer-meeting, Blumhardt read the letter and prayer was fervently offered for his soul. Not long after, the unknown writer revealed himself and found a saving faith in Jesus.

Another example of wonderful preservation has long ago been widely published. Blumhardt had gone one afternoon to Hangstett to hold a Bible class and prayer-meeting. In the evening, as it had already become dark, his wife, afraid of mischief, sent the servant to meet him. Blumhardt said his wife had been troubled for nothing, as it was moonlight; but the precaution was not in vain. Suddenly two men appeared at the edge of the wood; at first the pastor took them for workers returning late from the fields, but seeing guns in their hands, supposed they were sportsmen. But his mistake was terribly apparent when both took deliberate aim at him. Before they had time to fire Blumhardt cried aloud, "Jesus is Victor," when the guns fell from their hands, and the pastor reached home unharmed.

Another time, when Blumhardt was passing through a forest, the muzzle of a gun was suddenly pointed at him, and the assassin tried to fire, for the click of the fall-

ing hammer was plainly heard. Blumhardt's servant, who was with him, was going to pursue the wretch; but the pastor kept him back and commanded him to pray for his soul. When they emerged from the wood they saw several more guns directed at them; but the servant, who had now become very confident, exclaimed: "You may try as much as you like, but you can't fire, anyhow." As a matter of fact the men quietly withdrew, bearing their muskets.

Rev. Dr. Barth relates the following impressive incident, which was so striking that it caused the conversion of many souls:

"It was in summer, just before the harvest, I went to Mottlingen to attend the principal service. I was sitting just at the foot of the pulpit, and the church was crowded, while the ground surrounding it was covered with a mass of people who could not get in. While we were repeating the introductory prayer, dark clouds suddenly covered the sky. The atmosphere

grew darker and darker; the thunder began to resound in the distance, and the clouds were assuming the color that indicates a hail storm. Suddenly Blumhardt interrupted the regular service and said: 'Merciful God, if Thou wilt punish us for our sins, and destroy the harvest which is nearly ready in the fields, we shall not dare to pray against it, that thy will may be done; but at least be so kind as to let us hear Thy word without being disturbed.' After this short prayer he went on with his service. Suddenly the sky became clear and blue, and a few minutes later the sun was brightly shining."

Rev. Frederick Zundel says a thousand other facts, perfectly well attested in every particular, could be related to show the wonders of God's power and love in the history of this humble, faithful servant. As we read we are deeply impressed with the remark made by a minister, when he said of Blumhardt, "He was an apostolic man."

CHAPTER IX.

CHARACTERISTICS AND VIEWS ON SICKNESS.

BLUMHARDT seldom, if ever, urged any one to give up medicine. They did this generally of their own accord. But he strongly believed that God, who creates, can cure without the aid of any remedies, and that a faith that takes hold on God's promises alone is always best. He never intimated that his personal presence was necessary. Thousands of people who came to him from Europe, and even from the remotest parts of the globe, were directed by him to search themselves before God, to repent, to give themselves entirely up to God, with all they had, and that having done this, they could confidently expect Him to work out His good pleasure.

Said Mr. Spittler: "I myself was an eye-witness during eighteen months. Two years after the beginning of the revival, one Sunday morning, a friend and I counted more than a hundred villages and towns of

Wurtemburg, and the grand duchy of Baden, from which either a few or whole bands of thirty to fifty had come to hear the word of God, or to receive release from diseases. It would take me hours to testify what the Lord has, through a series of years, done for many a distressed family or individual who, when all human means seemed to fail, looked up to God as a compassionate and merciful Father. God knows the cases, and those who were concerned know them, and will praise Him here on earth as long as their breath is within them. Blumhardt's daily prayer and sigh before the Lord was: "Oh, that all people would learn again to pray and bring all their matters before their Heavenly Father.'"

Blumhardt was regarded as a holy, unselfish man, whose prayers prevailed with God. He was a minister of God, unusually rich in the power and love of his Master, and able in a most remarkable manner to apply the Scriptures to the mental and spiritual

anxieties of troubled souls, and to every detail in practical life. The latter gift was more spoken of than his intercession for the sick. He made indeed no profession of being able, even through prayer, to bring healing to all the physical maladies that came before him. But he had a child-like confidence in the pity and love of the Great Father to His tempted and suffering children. He taught that there was a divine idea under and beyond this sorrowing life. As the pastor laid his hand gently on the head of a sufferer, and poured forth his prayer, the afflicted felt sure that his heart was drawn out to them. If he charged them to search their hearts, to lay bare and confess secret sins, he never did this as a priest who inculcated confession to himself. Faults to their fellow-men he urged them to acknowledge, and to make reparation as far as lay in their power; but even in this he seemed to carry their cross, and their cross lay on his own heart.

He said to one who spoke to him about

his discourses: "I continually place myself in the centre of God's revealed truths and purposes, and thence I can more easily survey the various refractions." His whole system of thought had its foundation upon the one central truth of the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. He held firmly that Jesus now rules invisibly from His Father's throne; that all things had been placed in subjection under Him; that the Church was His body—"the fulness of Him that filleth all in all." He held firmly also that the Lord Jesus will return in power and great glory to lead God's kingdom on to a perfect and triumphant victory. Before his inward gaze the barrier dividing this world from the next disappeared; heaven and earth were to him closely linked together; spiritual intercourse with the other world appeared natural and intelligible to him, and sometimes, as he sat quietly praying on his sofa, he spoke and trusted as though the Lord sat by him.

He taught that the spirit's health was more important than that of the body. He sought by the ways we have described to lead visitors at Bad Boll into real communion, by penitence and faith, with the Lord. If a visitor for whom he prayed thought that medicine was more needed than prayer, he made no scruple about saying that *he looked for no cure while there was no believing contact of the spirit with God.* In numerous cases he regarded sickness and mental disease as contrary to the mind of the Lord. Sickness he believed to be a result of sin and to emanate from the devil. He possessed a keenness of spiritual insight that judged, with rarely mistaken accuracy, whether the removal of the continuance of disease would be in accord with the will of God. He held that this discerning faculty was a "charisma," a gift of God. ("To another, discerning of spirits.") It was bestowed for gracious purposes of divine pity towards sufferers; it could never be arbitrarily assumed, and

where it had been given it was not to be slighted or neglected. He said to one: "You, as a student of theology, know that gifts of healing were frequent in apostolic times. I was not aware that this gift was intended for me. I had not asked it; rather, I accepted it with fear and trembling." Even possessed of this gift, he carefully guarded all persons from any impression that it was merely by laying on of hands, or by any physical exertion that cures came. "My remedy," he invariably said, "is simple prayer." It was thus evident why it was that Blumhardt, from the beginning, either decidedly promised help or as decidedly refused to have anything to do with a patient, as to a physical malady.

He entertained the idea that one reason why Jesus desired those He healed not to speak of it, was to prevent presumptuous abuse and imitations that would hinder the work of God. Hence he seldom spoke publicly of the cures, for he was very much afraid of the instrument being exalted; but

referred the whole to the great love of God.

He held that dignity and honor are too much regarded, and urged a close study of the example of Christ. People should not be always thinking of their place or dignity. The clergyman should serve the layman, the maid the one lower than herself, the master the servant, as well as the servant the master. To rank high in the esteem of Jesus is to bear His image in services of considerate and self-denying love.

"My theory of sickness," he said, "is a Biblical one. From my childhood this theory took root in my heart by dint of reading the Bible daily and reasoning upon it. Later it was confirmed in my mind by the great and wonderful experience I had. Everything is of God, and if I had time, I would lead you through the Bible and show you that in ten cases of different bodily diseases there is not one that does not come under the head of some verse in that holy book. Faith is a duty, and whatever is not done through faith is sin. If any one tells

me that such an evil comes from God for such a purpose, and that faith is the only remedy; if that person is too lazy to pray with faith, such an absence of faith is sin. It is to be remarked that laziness is the cause of a great deal of unbelief. We would rather run forty miles to be cured in some profane way, than faithfully bend the knee and pray with fervor. If I shame the conscience it is with the power of the Word, and whatever this Word wakes up in the conscience, is not factitious or artful. It is nowhere written that we should seek the help of God through crooked and roundabout ways, but openly and with straightforward effort."

CHAPTER X.

CLOSING HOURS.

At Christmas time, in 1879, Pastor Blumhardt was still in good health, but shortly after he began to ail in various ways. A constant cough deprived him of rest, and shook his frame. He, however, steadily

pursued his many various vocations, and it was often very late before he could retire to rest at night. His activity was manifested by putting all things in order. He said in these days he must arrange everything, and make haste about it, as one could not tell what great change might be coming. He preached often about some approaching manifestation of God's judgment. For himself, he would be ready for whatever might come. In his study he put everything in the most perfect order, and made haste to bring to a close all the literary work in which he was engaged at the time.

"His real week of suffering," says his son, "commenced on the night of Thursday, February 20, 1880. On this night he wrote for the *Sontagsblatt* an exposition of the "feet-washing" of our Lord; and when at two o'clock he lay down in bed, he could get no rest. About four o'clock he had his sons pray with him, and toward five o'clock he found quiet.

"Though the night depressed him, he rose at half-past seven, and spent the Friday as usual, benefiting by his warm-hearted, friendly intercourse, even more people than generally. The following night he was not much better, and on Saturday his physical strength had seriously diminished; symptoms of inflammation of the lungs and fever showed themselves. These increased toward noon; but, unaware perhaps of their serious nature, he would not be prevented from holding the evening service. Being now, however, quite unequal to walking alone into the hall, his two sons had to help him, when for half an hour he spoke in the most affecting way on the forty-sixth Psalm, one of his sons sitting by him to help him if a word failed. At ten o'clock that night he went to bed suffering from fever in an increased degree.

"On Sunday night he was very ill, and told his sons to unite in prayer in another room (he promising to join in spirit) that Satan might not gain any advantage from

his illness, and that he might not die unless it was God's will that he should. We were given much power in prayer, and much confidence; and it seemed to us as if we heard a voice from heaven saying: 'Ye are heard.'

"We took it in this sense, and do still; and although there was no improvement in his physical condition, we looked higher, and believe the assurance that life was given unto him, even though his body succumbed to death. From this time our father was altogether freed from any desire, even for the prolonging of his life. His mind occupied itself with thoughts respecting the fulfilment of prophecy. 'Thy kingdom come' were the words he frequently uttered, praying thus with a firm voice. 'The Lord will shortly lead on his own cause gloriously,' was the one encouragement he emphatically gave. His prayer also was that no one might be lost who was dear to him; that grace and mercy might come to all men, and that God's deserved

wrath might not fall on them. For himself, when feeling particularly oppressed with inflammation, he once cried: 'Grace, grace!'

"Thus the last day approached—the most trying one. On this Wednesday he lay in bed, unable to move in the least. We saw how painful his condition was. The chief pain to him, however, was that he could not give utterance to his thoughts, as his tongue refused the service. Nevertheless, even on this day he spoke some words of courage and confidence, and with a last effort prayed for and blessed his sons for 'the victory,' as he himself called it. We could hardly bear to see his suffering any longer, and the Lord hastened the end. At ten at night he took a spoonful of wine, but refused a second by a motion of his head, with full consciousness. His hands were already cold, and a few seconds later he breathed no more. Not the slightest movement was seen in his countenance. He lay as if calmly sleeping, when weeping children gathered

round their father, in whom they had possessed so much.

"So this man of God departed. We mourn, but are also comforted, for he has left behind him an inheritance in his spiritual acquisitions by which we, with all his friends, are allowed to feel rich. The Lord Jesus be praised that such a servant of His was given to us in these times."

Writing of his death, one said: "A remarkable man has ceased to live; a man whose characteristics were simplicity, freedom, and a love which embraced in its outgoing the whole world."

His teaching has done much to impress upon the mind of his countrymen the grand truth that the highest happiness is found where God is honored by earnest family prayer. He taught that family devotions need not be long, and that they should be natural and informal, approaching God ever as a father who loves His children, and speaking to Him of the actual wants of the day. His life lives in its lessons written on

thousands of hearts who knew him, and found through him rich blessings from the hand of God.

PRAISE THE LORD!

APPENDIX.

SINCE preparing this little work for the press, a letter has come to hand from the pastor's son, Rev. Gustav Blumhardt, written in August, 1883. He speaks in the highest terms of the large German work by Frederick Zundel, and states that the work at Bad Boll is still attended with the blessed results that always flow from the presence of God's Spirit. He disclaims any desire for publicity, and for that reason has not allowed the records of cures to be published. Most particularly does he urge the great lesson of his father's life—the intimate walk with God. From this standpoint, the wonders are seen as the natural result or outcome of a life whose every aim and purpose was centered in Jesus Christ. Pastor Blumhardt regarded the Son of God as a personal Saviour, and as a whole Saviour for soul and body; and the lesson of his wonderful life is altogether lost if we contemplate it from the side of the wonders

alone. It must be viewed from the plains of Beulah; from the heights of Pisgah, from a plane of fellowship with and unlimited child-like trust in the all-powerful Jesus, who alone is victor over every foe. Oh, may every reader of this little book seek to stand where Blumhardt stood, and accustom himself to an hourly breathing of that trumpet-call of triumph, which was the key to his remarkable life,—

JESUS IS VICTOR!

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